

Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

Many of our readers are familiar with the name and writings of Joel M. Berry, of the National Military Home, near Dayton, Ohio. When I arrived in Dayton I found that I had a couple of hours to wait for a train to Muncie, Indiana, and so I decided to have a short visit with Friend Berry. I boarded an electric car, which landed me at the Military Home in a few moments, and I then tried to find Berry. I never saw so many soldiers in my life. People sometimes say that nearly all of the old soldiers are dead, but they are mistaken and would so decide if they would visit any of the various Homes in the different states, or the Pension Department at Washington, D. C. I am glad the boys in blue are still with us, and now that we have a new crop, we will not be out of ex-soldiers for some time. I wish all the soldiers could be ex-soldiers and we didn't have need for any real ones.

I enquired for the headquarters, and found they were closed for the day and I could not find my friend. I asked every soldier I met if he knew Berry, but none of them happened to be acquainted with him. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, and as my time was limited, I had to return to the depot and take the train for Muncie without meeting Mr. Berry.

I arrived in Muncie late in the evening, and found my friend Perl Youngman waiting for me at the depot. I went to his home with him and was soon made acquainted with his parents and spent a very pleasant evening. Perl was in Oregon once and is anxious to get back here again. Mr. Youngman owns a shoestore and has a large patronage. Muncie is in the natural gas region and this natural advantage causes many glass factories and iron foundries to be located there.

The next day after my arrival in Muncie, Perl and I went to Chesterfield, a few miles distant, where the Spiritualists were holding a camp-meeting. There we found Mr. B. F. Underwood, who had promised two years previously to deliver a course of lectures at this meeting, and now was just in the act of fulfilling his promise. Mr. Underwood is one of the ablest lecturers I have ever heard and his meetings are always well attended. His work in Oregon about thirty years ago did a vast amount of good for the Liberal cause. Mr. Underwood is not a Spiritualist. He says Spiritualism as an ism has no charm for him, although there is much phenomena he does not understand, and he takes the Agnostic's view of it. I don't agree with Mr. Underwood on some things, but I know him to be a great power to do

good in the world, and the readers of the Torch are always glad to hear from him. He is an intellectual, honest, capable man.

I was greatly pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. B. Lukins, of Anderson, Indiana, while I was at Chesterfield. I had met these enthusiastic Secularists at Chicago, at the Congress of 1896, and was glad to renew their acquaintance. I was sorry I could not stay longer in Indiana, and meet more of the Liberal people. Perl and I returned to Muncie, where I stayed until the evening train came to take me on to Chicago. While in Muncie, I was greatly pleased to meet Dr. Bowles, the most enthusiastic Secularist in that part of the country. The doctor subscribed for the Torch of Reason and for some stock in the Liberal University, in which he is deeply interested.

My trip through Indiana was by night, and I could not see much of the country. I arrived in Chicago early in the morning and found every one in a hurry as usual. I soon found my way to the home of the Freethought Magazine, where I found Brother H. L. Green in much better health than I had seen him for some time, and his enthusiasm for the cause is always at a high pitch. The work that Mr. Green has done, and is still doing, is wonderful and is of inestimable value to the cause of Freethought. His magazine seems to improve with every issue, and I wish it could go into every home in our land. During my few days' stay in Chicago, I spent many hours with friend Green and his wife, who is a very young-appearing and active woman for her age. H. G. Green, the son, is an excellent business manager, and is valuable help to his father.

I next visited the headquarters of the American Secular Union, on S. Water Street, where I found the Reichwald Brothers busily engaged in their work. I spent several nights at E. C. Reichwald's home on the west side, where I enjoyed my stay immensely, as usual. Mrs. Reichwald and Miss Josie are splendid entertainers and very hospitable.

I found the Beattie family at their home near the city limits, on the west side, and the pleasure and fun I had there in three or four days, if told on paper would occupy a great deal of space. Mrs. Beattie and her two sons gave evidence of much enthusiasm in the cause, and they are such cordial people that I hated to leave their bright home. I was given to understand that when in Chicago, and in need of a home, the latch-string was on the outside at the Beattie home. John runs a candy wagon, and I enjoyed riding around on his route with him a few trips. We all attended the Ingersoll Memorial meeting together the Sunday I left. There I met Brother Otto Wettstein and

several other friends, but only had a few moments talk with them.

Dr. Greer, Mr. Gammage, and Mr. Dahlstrom are always interested in the Freethought work, and I enjoyed good visits with them. Dr. Greer donated 100 volumes of his books to the Liberal University, which shows his interest. I also enjoyed a visit with Mr. W. H. Maple, the author of "No Beginning," a book which is causing a stir in Freethought circles.

One evening and night was very pleasantly spent with Mr. R. N. Reeves and wife, in south Chicago. Mr. Reeves is assistant editor of the Freethought Magazine, and is indeed a very bright young man, whom I was greatly pleased to meet. We went to the old World's Fair Park in the evening, where we saw a vaudeville performance and some high divers jump into a tank of water from a trapeze and a high pole. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are very pleasant people, and will, undoubtedly, make their way in the world nicely.

Mr. Isaac A. Pool, the Freethought poet, lives near Chicago, and of course I could not visit so near him without making him a call. Mr. Pool's writings are familiar to the Torch readers. Besides writing poetical poetry and pointed prose, Mr. Pool is one of the best practical botanists I ever saw. He can produce any kind of a flower or a vegetable you want. He is now devoting his time and energy to developing a variety of corn with variegated leaves and some rhubarb that is sweet enough to make pies with very little sugar. Mr. Pool is very anxious to move to Oregon with his vegetables and flowers, where he can have the advantage of a better climate and be near the Liberal University, where he could give instruction to the students in botany, etc. He would be a valuable man, and I hope we will in the near future be able to hire him. He has just written a series of poetical pieces, which he calls Ballads of the Bible. These ballads are the best I ever saw, and ought to meet with a large sale. The Torch of Reason contemplates publishing them in the near future in neat book form.

I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Francis, at the home of the Progressive Thinker office, where I was invited to take dinner. Mr. Francis does a large business and has a splendid printing plant, with a Linotype machine, which takes the place of many type-setters. The Progressive Thinker has a very large circulation, and is devoted to Spiritualism. It contains many Secular editorials, some of which have been copied in the Torch of Reason. I found Judge C. B. Waite at his home on Loomis Street, and enjoyed an hour or so in his company. The judge is very interesting to be with and is an

able writer. He kindly donated some of his books to the University, which are greatly appreciated. Judge Waite is much interested in the Liberal University.

My trip to Chicago was not at all barren of good results. I met many friends, sold some stock in the Liberal University, and received several subscriptions for the Torch of Reason. I left Chicago Sunday evening after the Ingersoll meeting. J. B. Beattie and his mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves accompanied me to the train, where I bade them all goodbye. I was glad to get started home again, but sorry to leave such kind friends.

I crossed the Mississippi about midnight, and the next thing I knew it was daylight and we were just crossing the line into Northwestern Missouri. I had never been in that state before, and as we dashed along through the corn-fields, among the low hills, I studied the general lay of the country. That part of Missouri is very pleasant and productive, and the people seem to be prosperous. About nine o'clock we reached Kansas City, and a shower of rain began to wet things up considerably. I had no trouble in finding Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel at her home on Oak Street, where I took dinner and enjoyed a visit for a few hours. Mrs. Krekel is one of our best known lady lecturers. She was in Oregon once for some time, where, it is needless to say, she made many friends who would like to see her return. It is not at all unlikely that we will have her and her daughter with us again ere long. Mrs. Krekel is enjoying good health, and will probably work in the lecture field this season.

Kansas City is a hilly city and, in fact, a very pretty place. I didn't have the time to visit many people or places. I was in hopes of getting to see Mr. Remsburg, but he was absent from his home, as I learned by 'phone, so I went on to Lawrence in the evening, arriving just at dusk. I have heard so much of Mrs. Charlotte Palm that I shall always regret never having seen her. Her death is a great loss to the cause of Secularism. Mr. Palm and his daughter, Blenda Palm Reynolds, live at the old home on the hill, in the western part of the little city. I was not long in finding them, and they were not long in making me welcome. They have a lovely home, and my two days' stay with them was one round of pleasure. Mr. Palm has lived in Lawrence many years, and was working on a mill when the famous Quantrell raid was made on the city, in which over 150 men were killed. Mr. Palm and several others barely escaped by being in a large stone building, which they defended.

We drove out to the Indian school one morning, where we in-